

## **(Another) January, 1986 by ReblDOMAKR**

**Series:** [Billy/Will \[3\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Bisexual Billy Hargrove, Gay Will Byers, Homophobic Language, M/M, No actual sex, not too sinful but still bewarned

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Will Byers

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-12-19

**Updated:** 2017-12-19

**Packaged:** 2022-04-03 14:53:03

**Rating:** Mature

**Warnings:** Underage

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 856

**Publisher:** [archiveofourown.org](http://archiveofourown.org)

**Summary:**

Bringing Will back after a night together, Billy has a happy little talk with Jonathon.

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### Author's Note:

drabble my dudes there are mistakes

Billy parked outside of the Byers' house off at five in the morning. He'd rented a room at a cheap motel two towns away, over an hour from Hawkins. Billy had Will Byers from eight o'clock for nearly eight hours, before deciding it was time to clean up.

He'd held himself back from orgasm until he had Will coming dry. It was a goddamn accomplishment to do that with a fourteen year old boy, he thought. The boy slept the entire drive back, probably leaking cum out into his boxers and cheap denim jeans. Billy bet he'd look real sweet in something tighter, and shorter, thinner.

Shoving the image of Will Byers in cloth shorts out of his mind, Billy nudged him away. "Hey, you're home." He said.

"Can you take me inside?" Byers asked, opening his eyes. Billy wondered if the boy was even asleep at all during the ride back.

He looked around. He didn't see Byers' brother's car or his mom's, or anyone else's for that matter. He sighed and nodded. "Alright." He agreed. "Got a key?"

Will nodded and dug it out of his pocket, handing the dulled key-covered in dried mud and a weird black stain- to him. "Carry me." He said.

"The fuck you think I was going to do?" Billy sighed, shoving his door open.

Six minutes later, he had Will undressed and tucked into his bed. He sat on the edge and stared until Will's eyes stopped flickering behind his eyelids. Billy kissed his throat, over a bite mark he made earlier, one he'd bit down too hard to make. It was scabbed over already, at least. He wondered how Will was going to explain **that** off.

They'd been taking a lot of chances. It was shocking no one had

caught onto Billy's shit yet. Someone was bound to. He should be getting more careful. But he wasn't. He was really fucking stupid.

Standing up, and wincing at the ache that beginning to settle in the muscles around his thighs. He hoped Will wouldn't grow up to be too big of a guy, or his pelvis would end up among the causalities. *(he didn't realize he was thinking about being with the boy until he'd grown up enough to be young man, even longer than that, even)*

Billy left Byers' bedroom, closed the door, turned around and came face to face with Jonathon Byers and Nancy Wheeler.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" Jonathon Byers snarled.

He blinked. "Well, shit." He said. "I found your brother passed out in the forest, dude." He was lying straight of his ass. It was obvious to him that Jonathon wasn't buying his story, though Wheeler seemed to be.

Jonathon looked ready to throw a punch and Billy was prepping himself for the upcoming fight. He tensed his muscles, eyeing the older Byers' feet and hands carefully while also trying to maintain the glare back.

Will's bedroom door opened and Will stepped out. He was dressed only in a pair of boxers and an old t-shirt. Nancy coughed into her first and averted her eyes.

"Jonathon? Why're you home?" Will questioned. His eyes were red and there were deep bags under them. He was even hunched over a little. Billy wondered if he'd gone too far earlier.

"The play ended early." Jonathon said.

"You went to a play?" Billy snickered. "Fucking fag." He taunted.

Jonathon glared at him, for a brief second, before stepping towards his brother. "Are you alright? Hargrove said he found you in the forest." He said.

Will blinked. "Yeah." He said slowly.

Billy cast his eyes to Will's neck and down the boy's legs, bruises in the shape of mouths and fingers. Jonathon seemed to only just notice them.

It was actually rather amazing to watch Jonathon's face turn red and step back from his brother. Will looked down and started to blush too.

"Please don't tell mom I was in the forest." Will said, squeaky as ever. Billy was going to miss it when the boy stopped squeaking.

"Are you okay? You look like—" Wheeler began.

"Did anyone force you into anything?" Jonathon cut her off, eyes moving to Billy for a second before returning to his brother. His face was still tinged red. Anger, or embarrassment, or both.

"No! Please, I just want to sleep. Please?" Will repeated, "Please?"

Jonathon frowned but gave in. Billy hung in the hallway with Wheeler while Jonathon herded his little brother back into bed, tucking him and kissing his forehead, telling him to have sweet dreams.

The moment the door was shut, Jonathon turned to hiss at Billy. "I don't know why you're messing around with my brother, but if you touch him again, I'll make sure you'll never be able to fuck again." Wheeler grabbed his bicep, pulling Byers' back. "Get the fuck out."

Billy laughed. "Might wanna tell your brother to keep away." He couldn't help saying shit. "He's the one who begs for it." He whispers, laughing even more as he walked out of the Byers' house, eyes glaring into his back as he left.